

## **Luxuria "Flesh"**

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By the egyptian gate  
I wait in my penance vest  
I've never been so lost before  
So I can't help myself possessed  
I want to be torn through  
The material of your flesh

Your husband lies unconscious  
On samuda's precipice  
I drink in the dead night air  
And your astringent kiss

She's slovenly lovely  
He's a moth over opium  
So long time stone cold sober  
Now marked down for delirium  
Her perfume draws his blood out  
And back to this asylum slum

One man, one woman  
Walk around newington green  
The worst case of resemblance  
In n16

I hate having to desire you  
Hate feeling this again  
I hate having to desire you  
In common with other men

My fellow-creature-gods look out  
To be mutually blessed  
This therapeutic age leaves them cold  
So fashionably distressed  
But I just want to be torn through  
The material of your flesh

"cheer up, it'll never happen" they said  
"not every candle burns  
Lighting up these lonely nights  
In this century of germs  
So ... many ... happy ... returns"

"cheer up it'll never happen" they said  
"we're here on your behalf"  
"it already has" I said  
They evaporate and laugh

I hate having to desire you  
Hate feeling this again  
I hate having to desire you  
In common with other men

The best in life  
It's nothing special  
Remember who said it  
Our lives are running  
Oh my little death  
This is forever  
The final edit

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